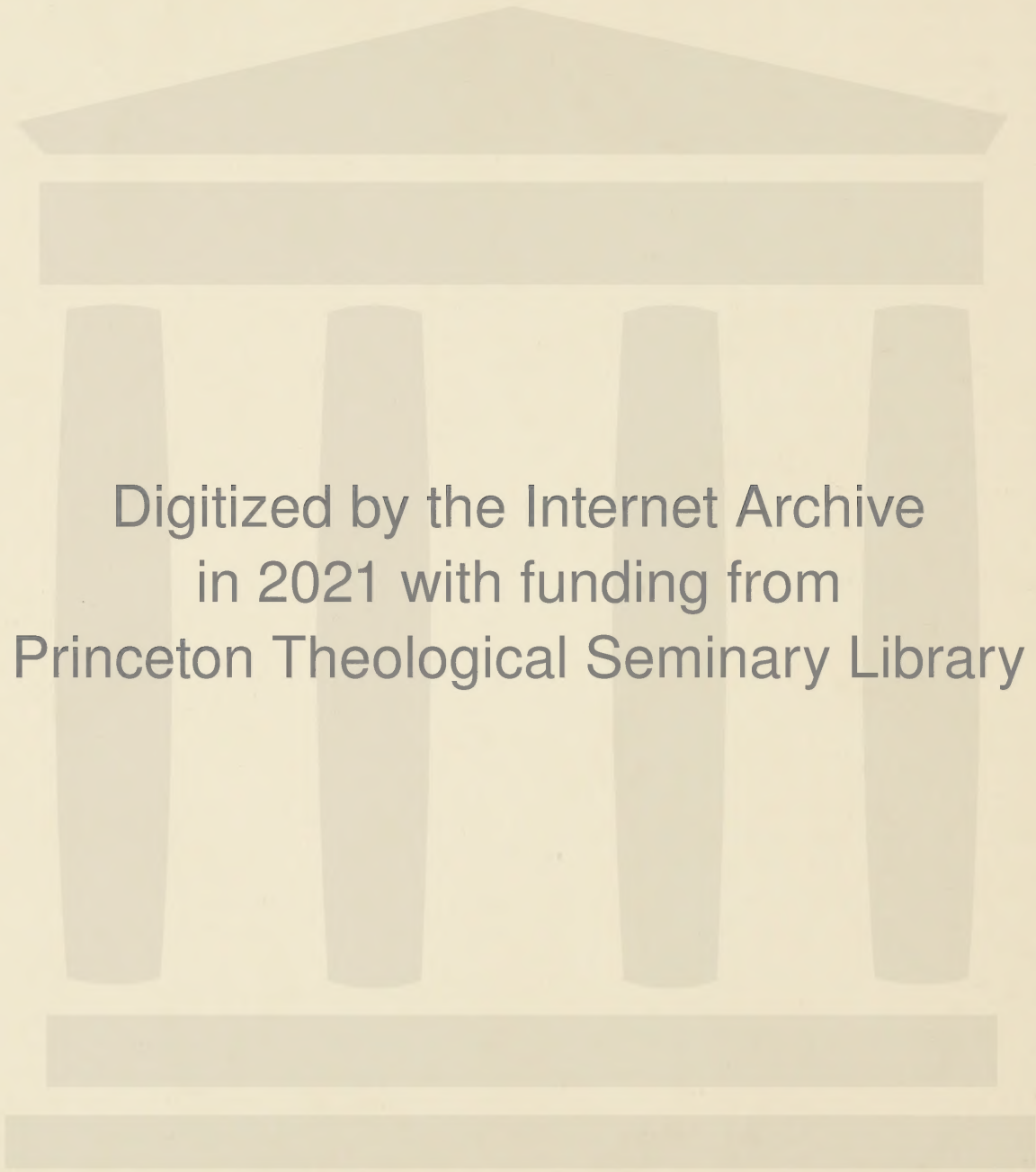
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Viewpoint

Volume XXII, #4 February 25, 1983

NOWHERE TO TURN
by
Robert Brennan

A week and a half before first semester began my sister died. No cause has yet been found.

Many people commonly refer to grieving as a "process", and perhaps that's true. Yet all I could feel after my sister's death was the deep sense of loss and aloneness. I had been with my sister the night before her death and she seemed in perfect health. That she could be dead was utterly incredible to me and I was thrust into a very painful state of remorse and grief. And yet this was not permitted of me.

Being the "seminarian of the family," I became the one who was looked to for support by my family. Even the young pastor who conducted the funeral seemed to need my support through this time. And yet I found myself quite alone with no one to share my own feelings with. Perhaps it would seem childish of me to actually want someone to minister to my own needs and hurts. After all, if I'm in seminary shouldn't I have that spiritual toughness which does not flinch at such things? Forgive me, I do not.

I was relieved a great deal when I was able to return to seminary. What better place could one ask to find ministry than on a seminary campus? Just about everyone on campus is a minister. Unfortunately, however, it seems that where everyone is a minister, no one is a minister. Indeed, I found myself just as alone at seminary as I had been at home. Perhaps more so.

On the first day of classes, however, the pastor to the seminary heard about me and told me after the morning worship service, "We'll have to get together real soon!" I had been uncomfortable with his pastoral technique before, but at this point I was quite willing to see him -- or anyone. It took a month, though, for "real soon" to come, and when it did (or would have), I was laid up in the infirmary with back spasms. I cannot say that I was disappointed, however, because by then I had lost desire to see him. That month was hell for me and I was unable to function in any of my courses and was even beginning to experience health problems -- such as my back spasms. I needed to talk with someone and yet I did not want to wear my sister's death on my sleeve.

More than enough people were informed about my situation at the seminary and yet little or nothing was done. I was cautiously advised not to bother the few professors who were meeting with individuals on an individual pastoral basis, a few of whom were apparently so overstocked with students that burnout was a threat. Instead, I was advised to get counseling at Trinity Counseling Center. When I

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asked about the cost, I was told that the seminary had a "loan fund" to help students defray the costs. But that money had run out when I got there and I had to choose between not getting counseling or getting counseling but severely hurting myself financially. I chose the latter.

This counseling proved very important to me, but I paid a high price to get it. (Even now, I cannot afford to buy most of my books nor will I until the middle of March, if then.) The reason I write this is not to bring sympathy to myself, but to ask the question: What is the seminary's responsibility to its own community? Is it right that a seminary student must look away from the seminary to find pastoral care? Should a seminary ever claim to be primarily an academic institution, especially if its primary function is to prepare people for the ministry of the church? Doesn't the seminary have an obligation to the suffering of its own community?

Perhaps my vision is tainted by the freshness of my own suffering. But perhaps it is sharpened. I look about me and I see a great number of people really hurting here at Princeton. So many that the faculty who do pastoral work become quickly overloaded. So many that Trinity has a shocking percentage of seminary students receiving counseling there. Yet some faculty members believe that the seminary is already doing too much to "pamper" its students. These students, they feel, are just a bunch of snivelly-nosed children who want to be catered to. I don't believe that this harsh appraisal is justified. To believe this of the students is to drastically underestimate the personal and spiritual pressure inherent in a theological education. The theological questions one begins to ask at seminary are intricately connected with one's own self-understanding such that to struggle with these questions is to ask the questions of self and to struggle personally. To meet this struggle, therefore, the seminary needs a place for its students to turn to.

Some might agree that this type of ministry is important and yet feel that it should be the general responsibility of the seminary community as a whole. Indeed, this would be nice. However, an attitude pervades all of the seminary community which would preclude such an occurance. By seeking to maintain the prestige of the seminary, the president of the seminary has for many years placed most of his emphasis upon the academic sphere. This emphasis is evident all throughout the seminary community, in the administration, in the professors, and in the students. Indeed, whatever role the students have taken in not being an active force in ministry on campus has been prescribed for them by the pervading attitude of faculty and administration that the true purpose of being at seminary is academics. I remember at one stage I was often told not to go to Princeton Seminary because it tended to be a "headshop without a whole lot of community." Since coming here, I have discovered the truth in that warning.

To establish a student population which will take the lead in ministering to one another, the seminary must continue to educate the head, but must also educate the heart by becoming a proper role model to its students and providing programs which will begin to meet the students' honest need for pastora pastoral care. The seminary needs to begin to provide financing for Trinity Center. Considering how long Trinity has served the seminary community and the financial breaks it has given students, such financing is long overdue. The seminary also needs to increase its funding of the pastor's office in order that a more structured program may be developed for the hall deacons. Indeed, the hall deacons have been far too disorganized to begin to meet the needs of the dormitory communities. And thirdly, some type of counseling program needs to be established on the seminary campus in order that the travesty of looking away from the seminary for ministry may cease. Only by taking the lead in ministering to its own community may Princeton Seminary become an adequate educator for the ministry of Christ's Church.

PTS -- Metaphorically Speaking

Bryan J. Sirchio

Vacations seem more and more important. They grant us the much needed time to step back from the violence of the grind, to meditate, reflect, to catch up with ourselves. Good to be with family and friends, yet I must say I have grown weary of the one question which I am most often asked by those I rarely see --

"So what's Princeton Seminary like, anyway?"

Of course it is a very reasonable question. The only problem with it is that after two years at Princeton the question is much too broad. PTS is like a lot of things.

I have been struck recently by the amazing metaphors which Jesus used in order to describe the Kingdom of Heaven. Perhaps metaphoric language is what is needed to best describe PTS. Please do not misunderstand me. I see no real similarities between Princeton Theological Seminary and the Kingdom of Heaven, except for the fact that people and Jesus Christ are presumed to have something to do with both.

To be honest I cannot think of any one metaphor which truly captures all which I would want to say about Princeton. It is difficult to make blanket statements about the student body, especially with regard to theology. It does not take long to realize how significantly our theologies differ, and I see nothing necessarily wrong with that. I think we can take for granted that the student body is theologically diverse. That is, we hold differing opinions as to who God is, and who we are in relation to Her. But let us also confess that when the scope is broadened to include socio-economic and political orientation, the "diversity" diminishes drastically. Metaphorically speaking, the student body is like a net cast into the sea (haven't I heard that somewhere before?), which when pulled in is full of all kinds of theological fish. But let us not forget that the net was cast into suburban waters where almost all of the fish happen to be white, male, Protestant, middle-to-upper class, and either politically liberal or somewhat (closet) republican. Enough.

In order to even begin to adequately answer the question, "what is Princeton Seminary like?", we must attempt to describe the seminary's administration as well as the student body. Again, we do find diversity in theological perspective among faculty and administrative personnel, and if our analysis is developed exclusively by means of encounters with various individuals, we will always find a diversity which will seem in some sense "healthy." We should, however, be careful to note a difference between theological "diversity" and overall"pluralism." It is unfortunate and, I would suggest, erroneous, that under the rubric of "theological orientation" we almost inevitably (especially at PTS) fail to discuss the gospel with regard to racial, sexual, political, economical, and ethical considerations. A pluralistic student body, faculty, and administration would, I think, be characterized not only by the presence of diversity in every aspect of human life at the seminary, but also by the meaningful exchange of ideas and concerns between the diverse groups (not just individuals) of peoples. Some of you may suggest that PTS does in fact reflect such diversity. Diversity, perhaps, but not true pluralism. There is an additional and crucial factor which we must address if we are to describe either real pluralism or Princeton Seminary. More specifically, we must take a look at the distribution of power.

Where is the power at Princeton Seminary? The power is at "the top" -- with the president. Structurally, the seminary has been described as a "spoked wheel" -- of sorts. The president (and his relationship to the Trustees) is represented by the hub, and the spokes represent the faculty members' individual relationships to the president. Missing, however, is the wheel itself which binds the spokes together. With a few exceptions, our faculty members have virtually no relationship with each other at all. Missing also from this "wheel of sorts" is the student body. Princeton Semin-

ary is a wheel which cannot roll because the spokes are not effectively united; a wheel which has virtually nothing to do with the students.

Perhaps the best single metaphor for the seminary which I can think of is that of the "big business corporation." Of course corporations are comprised of all kinds of individuals, and no corporation can afford to appear overtly exclusive with regard to race, color, creed, etc. But diversity is easily affordable as long as the "right people" control the power. Power in the corporation inevitably has something to do with the ability to make decisions which affect: 1) the corporation's overall ability to state and achieve projected goals; 2) the roles and interrelationships of the persons within the corporation; 3) the corporation's public image; 4) the corporation's economic priorities with regard to investment. I may have missed some important aspects, but then again I do not claim to be a polished businessman. My point is simply that I am hard-pressed to find any key differences between the structure of Princeton Theological Seminary and that of a corporation such as IBM.

So what is wrong with PTS being a corporation? This year's handbook has made it clear that the seminary no longer sees itself as a "community of faith." PTS is quite admittedly "just" an institution now, not "the Church of Jesus Christ in microcosm," as one reads in a seminary publication put out before this year. There is a movement toward straightforwardness in this year's handbook which I must say I respect in some strange way. At least the corporation is not pretending to be a community of faith any more. The only thing that really bothers me is that it still refers to itself as a "seminary." I looked up "seminary" and related words such as "semination", "semen," "insemination," etc., and it seems that they all have something to do with the sowing of seeds. Overlooking for now the predominantly male imagery of "insemination", perhaps we should ask ourselves, "what is really being sown in us at Princeton Theological Seminary?"

We are of course required to "expose" ourselves, minimally anyway, to the "traditional disciplines." Well and good. Various academic seeds are sown, and so it should be. What I am most concerned with here, however, are the structural seeds which are sown in us -- most often without our even being aware of it. I will get to the point. By "preparing" for ministry (does ministry begin only after graduation?) in a corporation-like environment, we learn that the paradigmatic "professional minister" is virtually indistinguishable from the corporate executive Planted in us is the suggestion (if not mandate) that the Church's economic priorities need be no different from those of IBM. We learn that the fruits of the Spirit can be embodied only by individuals; that all the Church's institutions need to be is "efficient." What is more, we learn that the best way to assure efficiency is to concentrate and control power. As long as power is effectively manipulated, a corporation's executives need not fear a diverse labor force, because labor is ultimately powerless -- unless it is united.

So what, after all this, am I really trying to say? First, a word of congratulations to the administration. You are very efficient indeed, and I know how difficult it must be to keep so much money coming in these days, with people losing their jobs and homes and all. Second, some questions. Is all this efficiency worth the price? What has it cost this seminary to commit itself first and foremost to the "ever-flowing streams" of black ink? There have been many costs. Among the most tragic, however, is the reality that in the name of "financial solvency" the student body has been rendered effectively powerless. In my mind, any systematic deprivation of the "power" to contribute to and/or affect the institutions which shape human life is absolutely antithetical to the gospel. What then, do I want? No, I do not want to "run" the seminary. No, I do not want the student body to "run" the seminary. As some will be quick to point out, students come and go; full-time "administrators" are, I suppose, essential. What we do need is not the

movement of concentrated power from administration to faculty or to students, but rather the abolition of concentrated power itself. Quite simply, power should be shared. How? Step one: students should be given voting rights on all student/faculty committees By so doing, the seminary can communicate in a meaningful way that it is honestly interested in what the students have to say. Without a vote, students can at best make recommendations which, I am afraid, are rarely translated into actions. Ask the various committee members how powerful they perceive themselves to be, and I think you will see what I mean.

Well, I have already let this article get much too long. My apologies and thanks for reading. I would be interested in hearing your metaphors for the seminary, and your responses to mine. I am open but I am also growing more and more impatient with being patronized as a student. Students have much to offer at PTS. Let us make sure we have a voice which cannot be ignored.

Tranquility Park, Houston

The sun warms my face here

And live oak trees and green
grass grace the mall
in front of city hall across the
street

Around me the muffled sound
of building winds its way
through cavernous canyons of glass
and steel

Granite facing sheathes a new forest
growing out of the prairie
like someone's dream concretized

And tranquility settles here

I seem connected and real
The wind on my back
is not too chilling

Jeffrey R. Thompson

Mr. McCord's Neighborhood
or
Senior Seminar Revisited

(with apologies to Mr. Rogers)

Dramatis Personae: Dr. McCord, draped in an old sweater, and several wide-eyed college seniors visiting PTS for the senior seminar.

Dr. McCord (lightly and gaily): It's a beautiful day in the neighborhood. I am so glad that you have come to visit my neighborhood. Come on into my office boys and girls. I have something to show to you. Do you see this huge pile of money? It's called an endowment. It sits in the bank and gathers interest. Can you spell endowment? We won't tell anyone about this. It will be our secret. We wouldn't want to ha have to use this to start new programs or hire minority faculty members, would we? If we did that, someone might accuse us of being progressive. (Exit administration building).

Let's go over to the field education office. (Enter field education office). Look at those big notebooks on the tables. Those are all the field education opportunities for seminarians. They are all the jobs that pastors don't want to do themselves. Do you know what a youth director is? (Exit field ed. office).

I think that it would be nice to take a walk around the campus. Do you see that person being stoned on the quadrangle? That's a liberal theologian. He has no morals. He doesn't even agree with Calvin and Barth. You wouldn't want to be a liberal theologian, would you? (All of the seniors enthusiastically reply, "No!").

Shhhh! Not so loud as we walk past the chapel! That's where the preaching majors meet, and they think they are the only ones here.

(Cross Mercer Street and Enter Library). This is the second floor of the library where we keep the church and society people. No one can see them up here. And, it's always one hundred and five degrees in these classrooms. That doesn't sound like very much fun, does it? Why would anyone want to take a church and society or history of religions course when they can be learning about preaching and counseling?

While I'm in the library, there is one more thing that I want to show to you. (Go to Bottom Floor of Library). Look at those two very fine machines. Those are copying machines. And, do you see that person copying that entire book? He's breaking a copyright law. But, we don't believe in copyright laws. They are not mentioned in the Confession of 1967. (Exit library).

I would like to take you to the CRW apartments. Let's get on the magic PTS neighborhood bus. Oh! Wait a minute! Do you feel that breeze? That's B.B. Warfield spinning in his grave. Someone must have purchased another copy of Bultmann in the bookstore. We must put a stop to that. Well, let's head out to CRW.

On the way to CRW, everyone sings Presbyterian hymns using, of course, the inclusive language revisions.

(Arrive at CRW). Do you see that piece of machinery in that yard? It's an old dishwasher that doesn't work any longer. We're not going to replace it, but we are going to raise the rent. We love to raise the rent. We do it every year! Doesn't raising the rent sound like a lot of fun?

(Return to campus). Well, it has been a lot of fun visiting with you today. I hope that you can come to PTS so that we can teach you all how to be pastors of white, upper middle class, suburban, Presbyterian churches. Are there any questions?

(A young person timidly raises his/her hand). "Dr. McCord, I'm not a Presbyterian."

We'll change that by the time you leave here. It's a beautiful day in the neighborhood!

An esoteric and hard to understand saying from my guru, Kehlog Albran, and his work, The Profit: "The greatest actor in the world is the male Euphinian termite. Next comes Victor Mature."

Obsequiously yours,
HERETICUS LIBELIUS I

THE CHRISTIAN AS PEACEMAKER: A DISTINCTIVE CALL

Howard B. Boswell

> For Christ is our peace, who has made us both one, and has broken down the dividing wall of hostility
> Ephesians 2:14

The November meeting of Long Island Presbytery had promised to be short and sweet. It seemed that all of the well-oiled machinery of Presbyterian polity was grinding out decisions with few hitches. Bored, I wrote prayers for Sunday morning. I considered reading another chapter in Tolkien's The Two Towers, but I thought that would be tacky. It was between 3 and 4, and I was imagining a relaxing half hour or so at the manse before dinner at the Tornquists, and an evening at "The Mikado."

Then the Presbytery Railroad had a delay that made the L.I.R.R.'s service seem perfect by comparison. Nicaragua. There was a group from Mission Council who, after a slide presentation of their trip to that country torn by civil war and terrorist attacks, recommended that Presbytery take an advocacy role for the current Nicaraguan government -- the Sandinistas. Another elder presented an opposing report, because he

felt that the church should keep out of the political arena, especially when the government in question was "Marxist leaning." And the debate dragged on and on.

I was overwhelmed by the whole affair. I had heard it all before: the vague reference to Jesus and the prophets found in the one sentence of the committee's report devoted to theology, and the proof-texting, privatistic, and jingoistic dogma of the other elder. I left Presbytery dissatisfied, confused, and frustrated, partially because of the time wasted, but primarily because of the name dropping in the debate -- and the name was Jesus Christ.

There seems to be a feeling that if a particular viewpoint on the role of Christians in political issues like Nicaragua or peacemaking has a reference to Jesus Christ or the Bible in it, that opinion is sacred. In bursts of social gospel piety, I have argued against the narrow views of the Church's role in the political realm held by some, but lately, I realize that perhaps we who are concerned with the Church's social responsibility are throwing stones while dwelling in theological and spiritual houses made of glass. A theology of peacemaking does not seem to be emerging that possesses depth and clarity to address the tough questions that surround us in a world faced with destruction. And perhaps even more crucial is a lack of reliance on spiritual resources -- like prayer, meditation, devotional study, and fellowship -- undergird our social action. Bonhoeffer wrote to a friend at the height of his involvement in the resistance to Nazism:

> Perhaps we sometimes run the risk of forgetting in all these hopes the one who alone can bring them to pass and who also can take a quite different way. Perhaps we have prayed too little recently.

And though decades have passed, and the situations are different, we run the same risk -- to forget Christ and to form him to meet our hopes rather than to remember that he is our peace, the source of what we do as Christians, and to allow his Holy Spirit to transform our hopes into visions of the kingdom of God.

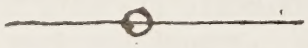
As followers of Jesus Christ, peacemaking does not mean only adding our voices to the chorus crying for peace, rather our call begins as we become faithful to Jesus Christ in our world. If we add our voices only, they may become hoarse and strident, because we may cry out of our spiritual emptiness, lacking nurture from our faith. And we may avoid the conflict of being a disciple in these days. This challenge cannot be contained in questions of Church and State or whether the Church should be involved in political controversy. As Christians, we live in the tension between the kingdom of this world and the kingdom of God. The kingdom of this world's hope is built on something less than Jesus Christ -- on the oppression of the human spirit by power, both military and economic, and on a sense of security gained through a "warring madness" that threatens to create peace through ever greater stockpiles of weapons of war.

By our society's standards, this is seen as realistic. But as Christians, we may consider it sinful, because this idolatry of death cannot be reconciled with the vision of the kingdom of God found in the biblical witness, where God is sovereign over all creation, and God's Christ serves as the Prince of Peace -- the visible and ever present witness to the peace God intends, and the clear voice heralding God's sure and coming triumph over the kingdom of this world.

And what does this kingdom of God look like? Well, I am note completely sure, but of one aspect I am positive -- it is not some sweet, spiritual by-and-by replete with cotton candy clouds, and angels playing harps. The Kingdom of God emerges in the biblical witness with concrete language, as well as poetic images. Isaiah speaks of lions lying down with lambs, and light shining on people living in darkness, but he proclaims that oppressors shall be overthrown, the very implements of war

shall be destroyed, or reforged into instruments of peace-- plowshares and pruning hooks (Isaiah 11, 9 and 2). Jesus may have spoken of the kingdom as a mustard seed, a party, or a gardner finding weeds in the garden, but the concrete nature of the kingdom of God was not forgotten. In Jesus' inaugural address, he preached good news to the poor, proclaimed release to captives, sight to the blind, and liberation to the oppressed (Luke 4). In the parable of the sheep and goats, Jesus made the criterion for entry into God's kingdom a concern for the thirsty, the hungry, the naked, and all of the others violated by this world. (Matthew 25)

If we, as Christians, remain faithful to this vision of God's kingdom and if the Spirit of the Lord rests upon us, it will lead us out into the world, and into conflict with powers opposed to the abundant life which we know, and this struggle has real implications. Isaiah might have joined Israel in exile, though he had made the word of the Lord abundantly clear to them. Jesus Christ had the power of this world crushed down upon him, and crucify him. And where our discipleship, forged by the vision of the kingdom of God will lead us, I cannot say. Yet, I feel certain that if the Spirit of the Lord is upon us, and we are following God's lead by being faithful to God and God's Christ, something will happen. Rather than adapting God's kingdom to fit our needs, we will be transformed into "instruments" of God's peace, "with ample power to meet whatever comes with fortitude, patience, and joy." (Colossians 1:11, NEB).



It is about that time of the year for those Middlers interested in the joint Masters of Divinity/Masters of Social Work program to begin the application process to Rutgers University. For those of you not familiar with this program, a brief description follows: Ordinarily the MSW program is a two year program, but by taking courses at the Seminary and a maximum of four courses during your Senior year at Rutgers (Senior concentration, possibly), one is admitted to Rutgers with "Advanced Standing." After one has graduated with the M.Div. you would attend Summer School at Rutgers and the full academic year that follows. By doing this one is able to save a full year of graduate study.

Presently there are six areas of concentration for the MSW student. They are: casework, group work, administration, planning and community organization, social policy and health care. With the growing possibility of state cutbacks to education, one or two of these areas may be joined together. I have chosen an Administrative concentration. I was extremely pleased this week when I learned that the State of New Jersey, Civil Service System, has granted equivalency to the MSW in Administration with both the Masters in Business Administration (MBA) and the Masters in Public Administration (MPA).

It is my understanding that those PTS students with a cumulative grade point average of 3.0 (or better) and good references (job experience is not necessary), have an excellent chance of being accepted into the program. Those below a 3.0 may have difficulty, but I have heard that of those rejected, 50% are accepted upon appeal.

My first year at Rutgers (Senior year at PTS) was filled with confusion and disappointment. To avoid confusion I suggest that the applicant be in constant touch with Ms. Sunday DiPalma, the Assistant Dean for Student Services, Graduate School of Social Work, Rutgers. Any information one receives at either school should be double checked at the other. One should also keep records of written communication to and from Rutgers. The beginning courses were less than challenging. Now that I have completed the basic requirements I am really enjoying my experience.

For those interested in Christian or public service outside of the parish ministry, there is real advantage in the MSW. If you have any questions or would like more detailed information, I would be pleased to spend time talking with you. (I am located in South Hall, Apt. J-1, 921-0153. The best time for me to talk is during the week after dinner.)

Robert W. Hermanson

Viewpoint

Volume XXII, Number 5 March 24, 1983

AN OLD RUSSIAN TALE

--Del A. Biglow

As some of you know, one of my greatest pleasures in life is to translate obscure and no doubt unimportant pieces of Russian history. But while researching my next article for the journal of the A.A.A.S.S., I discovered a little gem that I thought the students of PTS could appreciate. It has to do with the dangers of oriental despotism. Here it is for the ages.

"The tsar's crown will soon pass to another" whispered an excited aide-de-camp to the Minister of Education, Zapad by name (though dubious, 'zapad' seems to refer to a geographical direction, probably where the sun sets). Hearing the disquieting news the imperial deputy stared out of his window onto Victory Square, watching numerous serfs plodding their way to church to seek comfort in the liturgy. Zapad contemplated the grim changes that were about to take place, his mouth locked in his perpetual smile.

Meanwhile the Uchitelskii Sobor (again dubious, perhaps cathedral or society of scholars), having already heard the news, called a secret meeting in their lord and master's subterranean library (cf. Ivan the Dread).

"My fellow aristocrats" boomed forth one of the chief ministers, "the time has come to reclaim the power that we so foolishly abdicated to the tsar in hope that he could retain order in the land. The results have been only our own castration and the dragging of our reputations through the mud!"

Suddenly a small, wormish paper pusher appeared in the doorway and asked if this room had been checked out with the Kremlin Housing Deputy. Admitting that it hadn't, the noble assembly quickly dispersed, each bowing to the "Icon of the Holy Posobiye" before exiting.. (ed. nt. The Holy Posobiye was a mysterious collection of rules and regulations concerning the relationships between serf and master, said to have descended from heaven in its present form. Because of its similarity to the hated Domostroi, a church-endorsed document which urged loving husbands to beat their wives but not leave marks, modern scholars speculate that the Posobiye was actually a creation of the most reactionary tsars, intending to keep the right less serfs in their place by the consecration of the tsar's position before God.)

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"Seven Drops of Heart's Blood" --David Templeton

"Confession and Bidding" --Jeffrey R. Thompson

Fielded Fieldedovich was a simple clerk working in the office where the serfs were set to work manufacturing "thank you" notes to those who sent tribute to the tsar.

"Why so glum, Fielded?" asked his friend Gutierrez Conevich, one of the non-orthodox serfs who had been tricked into the service of the Kremlin when the authorities told him that it was a place where the free exchange of ideas took place.

"I just overheard the boss say there was going to be a new tsar, and he's afraid that we might lose so much revenue during the transition that we won't be able to regild the domes around here. We might have to plate them with -- sigh-- copper."

"God's death, Fielded!" cried Conevich. "Don't you see that now might be our chance to bring about some change here? Perhaps establish the human rights of serfs? One person, one vote!"

"You're such a dreamer, Gutierrez. Next thing I know you'll be telling me that women should be out of the terem and serving on the Uchitelskii Sobor. Do you want more African slaves like Peter the Great's Gannibal rising to the level of general? (ed. nt. Gannibal's grandson was Pushkin, the parent of Russian literature). Or perhaps you'd like to see the serfs voting for the members of the Imperial Council or the Sobor Why stop there? Let's vote for the tsar himself!!!"

"And why not?! Every bureaucrat knows that the way this place is run is violation of the Radical Principles of the constitution of your own church!" pressured Conevich. (United Presbyterian students may notice an uncanny similarity here to their own Book of Order, 35.01.)

"We are guided by the sacred Posobiye, and it says that everything is just as it should be here. And besides, the tsar only has our best interests in mind."

Suddenly the head of security entered and charged Conevich with "threatening serious psychological damage" by arguing with Fielded and took him away in chains (page 9, no. 6 of the Posobiye).

Stepping out for some air after the trying episode, Fielded saw his frisbee-loving roommate being led away. "Playing on the Victory Square grass and lifestyle unbecoming of the profession" muttered the guard when the clerk looked at him quizzically. Quickly entering the Palace, Fielded ran into another friend who had just been removed by an emergency action of the tsar because he had nailed up a political banner. "Those nails caused damage to property" they said. Spurred on by his conversation with Conevich and these injustices, Fielded Fieldedovich began his life as a revoluti------

At this point the manuscript has been purposely mutilated. From the looks of things it's lucky that this much escaped the censors, but then they've never been known to be too bright. But after reading these horror stories I think that we can find great comfort in the fact that the tsardom was overthrown and its oligarchy destroyed For then as now the people -- whether serf or student-- will overcome.

An editorial

WHY NO RESPONSE?

--David Roquemore

Why is it that the Administration of PTS is so slow to respond to the requests, complaints, and demands of students? It would seem that at an institution such as this, there would be a willingness, even eagerness, to discuss community concerns and issues. One might expect the administration of this institution to be willing to respond to the students, given the reputed Christian purposes it stands for, but this is not the case.

Two events occurring this week bring this to mind. The first is the visit of the president-elect of the seminary, Dr. Thomas Gillespie. Dr. Gillespie is to be at PTS all of this week, but no plans have been announced for him to meet with any students or student groups. No doubt he will be very busy being wined and dined by various administrators. Even so, there will probably be enough time during his week-long visit for some kind of meeting with the students; it is not unreasonable at all for students to expect this, but students seem destined for disappointment, for no meeting is planned. Why? Only God knows--God and few administrators.

Readers will remember the report from the SGA in an earlier issue of VIEWPOINT, which told how reluctant the Trustees were to give the students' representatives any information about the selection process by which Dr. Gillespie was chosen. The administration seems determined to continue this reluctance; remember also that the announcement regarding the election of Dr. Gillespie as president was made on a Wednesday afternoon, when many people have Field Education duties, and during the semester break, when many people were away from the campus. Given the fact that Dr. Gillespie will be in office next year, and presumably will not remain in hiding during his tenure, it does not make sense for the administration to hide him now. But, no meetings with students have been announced, despite student requests.

The other event happening this week is the meeting between some administrators and students to discuss the policies stated in the current student handbook. This illustrates the slowness of the administration to respond to the requests and complaints of students, because students have been trying to arrange such a meeting ever since being forced to sign an agreement to abide by it, sight unseen. The minutes for the Seminary Conference meeting of November 17, 1982 record that the administration was at that time willing to meet, provided that a "general and representative endorsement" could be obtained. In other words, administrators did not just want to meet with the Forum for Politics and Ethics; they wanted to meet in a way officially recognized by the community. There is nothing wrong with this, except that this was more than four months ago. Why the delay? Whatever the particular reasons or excuses given, the underlying cause is the unwillingness of the administration to be involved in a serious way in any communication or dialogue with students.

Is there any way to resolve this? Obviously it will do no good for students to demand change. Students can discuss, resolve, complain, protest all they want, and the administration merely has to wait until the pressures of exams and job-placement capture the students' attention. But, "graduating the problem" solves nothing. Neither does providing the students with pacifiers and substitutes, like VIEWPOINT, the SGA, and the Seminary Conference. All of these are useless if the administration is unwilling to communicate with students.

The administration should be commended for, finally, holding the meeting concerning the Handbook; it would be too easy to "stonewall" this until it went away. This is a start. Forums of this kind should be open and regular, so that communication between students and administrators could increase, and with it, understanding. This week, when Dr. Gillespie is here, would be a good time to start, to get the "new" administration off on the right foot. But, no meetings with students have been announced....

on a farm in ohio, u.s.a.

when i was a boy
on a distant farm
'jew' was a verb
referring to shrewd bargaining

not god's chosen people
the apple of god's eye
but a broken people
of broken covenants

it seemed a harmless thing then
until i saw the broken cross
and understood how
auschwitz is not so far from mt. perry

--jeffrey r. thompson

SCRIPTURAL AIDS
FOR ASPIRING INTERNS

"I hope to come to you soon, but I am writing these instructions to you so that, if I am delayed, you may know how one ought to behave in the household of God." (I Timothy 3:14)

"But when you give alms, do not let your left hand know what your right hand is doing."(Matthew 6:3) This is also a good rule to follow when accepting dinner invitations from gracious parishioners. If a member invites you to dinner on Tuesday and you've already been invited out for Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, don't let on that you're eating out every night that week. Accept any and all invitations, then worry about fitting them into your schedule.

"Greet the friends, every one of them."(III John 1:15) If you move into an apartment, introduce yourself to your neighbors but don't tell them that you're a minister--you may never see or hear them again. Having a minister in an apartment building tends to create an eerie, monastic atmosphere throughout the complex.

"Do not lay up for yourselves treasures on earth, where moth and rust consume...."(Matthew 6:19) At least, don't leave lettuce in the refrigerator for over two weeks; it turns to an unappetizing gelatinous mess.

"And why are you anxious about clothing?"(Matthew 6:28) Find an all-purpose black pulpit robe. It makes you look distinguished and solves the problem of a limited Sunday morning wardrobe.

"You shall rise up before the hoar head, and honor the face of your elders...."(Leviticus 19:32) Get acquainted with the older folks in the congregation. They are often the most realistic and open-minded of all parishioners.

"Go and say to this people, 'Hear and hear but do not understand, see and see but do not perceive.'" (Isaiah 6:9) When you meet the local funeral director, don't bother telling him that you aren't ordained yet. No matter what you say or do he'll still call you "Reverend."

"Greet every saint in Christ Jesus."(Phillipians 4:21) If you greet someone after the service and you've forgotten their name (even though you've asked for it for three weeks in a row), compliment them on their outfit, comment on the weather, or inquire about their children, in that order.

"Test the spirits to see whether they are of God...."(I John 4:1) Don't ever use this as justification for taking your Senior High group on a wine-tasting tour. Faulty exegesis will get you nowhere.

"Declare these things...let no one disregard you."(Titus 2:15) Upon entering the room of a hospitalized parishioner who does not know you, introduce yourself as the "Intern Pastor", not just as the "Intern". Otherwise, prepare to have a very revealing pastoral encounter.

"Be sober and awake."(I Thess. 5:6) Get plenty of rest the night before you preach. If you don't you may find yourself falling asleep in the middle of your own sermon.

--George Wilcox
Intern, FPC
Mt. Clemens, MI

To the Editor:

For the second time in two attempts, my contributions to the "Wailing Wall" at the Library have been defaced by graffiti. The first time, when I posted an article suggesting that God's hand might not be on the shoulders of the 6000 Marxist-Leninist guerrillas in El Salvador, I received an unsolicited sermon. Recently, on an announcement of a conference featuring Paul Ramsey and John Neuhaus, a scholiast scrawled that the sponsoring group is funded by South Africa. It doesn't matter so much that the charge is a lie--which it is. What matters is that some members of the seminary community don't really believe in free speech-- especially for conservatives. Free speech means you let the other guy have his say and tolerate even his stupidity. It means that you follow the rules of the particular discourse-- no interruptions of speeches, no graffiti on posters. And only those who accept the ground rules of free speech are entitled to enjoy it (hence the exclusion of Nazis and Leninists).

People who reject free speech are to be found on the Left and on the Right. I therefore propose a division of labor to my liberal friends: would you attend to the anti-democratic folk on your side, while we do the same on the Right? Your job, of course, is to re-educate the extremists who've "gone beyond democracy." Ours is to educate certain New Right Christians who haven't yet discovered what democracy is. Unfortunately for all of us, extremists on both sides claim to be "prophets", the claim all religious fanatics make when they need to justify the breaking of rules. Scepticism of their claims, such as Butler levelled at their 17th century extremist cousins in "Hudibras", might help here. Butler satirized Presbyterians who

do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun;
Decide all controversies by
Infallible artillery,
And prove their doctrine
orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks.

And that's the last word from a vain VIEWPOINT letter writer.

--Dan Ritchie

TRADE-SCHOOLING AT PRINCETON

--Jeff Allport

Recently an acquaintance telephoned me from the west coast to ask me for information about PTS. He is a physicist, and was interested in getting a seminary education in order to broaden the theological and theoretical basis for his pursuit of science as a Christian. Is Princeton a good place, he asked, to achieve this goal? Though I wanted to, I was unable in good conscience to recommend that he study here.

Princeton, like all seminaries, is classified as a "professional school." That is, a school like law, business, medical, and auto mechanic shool. These "trade schools" are based on the assumption that a person who passes through the curricula with a certain modicum of ability is able to be certified or qualified as a member of a particular profession. This assumption also applies here. Hence, at Princeton, we have academic requirements which make one "qualified" for ministry; field education to insure proper "hands on" experience; and speech and preaching departments to produce a "polished" product.

Yet the institution is not what ordains the minister. Bishops, presbyteries, congregations, etc., are the authorities who confer the professional title upon the seminary graduate. And rightly so, for it is the church which is to call her leaders in some apostolic form of passing on charisma. The Biblical and Patristic models, as well as a sense of the participation of the Spirit in the Christian community shows that, like prophets, leaders of the church arise in her midst, and are confirmed by older, wiser (hopefully) and more experienced leaders.

So why a trade school? If the practice of ordination, and the various forms of guidance-- what Presbyterians call "care"-- demonstrate that the church picks her leaders, then why is the seminary so concerned about producing a particular product? Seminaries ought to be in one business only: that of theologically educating people. Any people. Sure, ministers ought to be educated theologically, but not all the theologically educated ought to be ministers... a very important difference. No lecturer should preface a statement, as often happens here, saying, "when you get into the parish...." No requirements for speech and preaching have legitimate claims on the student and ought therefore to cease. If church leaders want their own to take these courses, or if the student wants to, fine. But such course work, like field education, ought not be required. Yet, contrary to what one often hears, the disciplines of languages, theology, philosophy, history, and Biblical studies should be required, for they are what properly constitute a theological education. The person, like my physicist friend, who is seeking such an education does not need to be troubled with struggling youth groups on Sunday nights or breathing exercises on the third floor of Stuart. One might as well ask a student of biochemistry to practice family medicine in an office before conferring the science degree.

Let's return theology to its rightful dignity, to the queenly throne it once held, when Aquinas could call sacred doctrine a science. To compromise its glory by bringing it down to a trade education level, like piano tuning and auto mechanics, is bad enough. But to assume that an educational institution can, in three years of

course work and mediocre church experience, produce a minister is preposterous and an affront to the gift-giving Spirit. What formula is there for improvement? The institution should stop expecting students to be ministers when they grow up. Student, don't come here just to "become" a minister. Let's be ordinary people collectively engaged in one thing: a reflective, classical, theological education. The result will bw an experience of educational value which will always reap fruit in our lives, whether or not ordination follows.

VIEWPOINT is intended as an open forum for all members of the Seminary community, and all are welcome to contribute opinions, humor, recipes, or whatever. Submit it all to the editor, David Roquemore, by campus mail. Deadline: April 6.

All opinions are the position of writer, and neither the seminary nor the editor should be held responsible for them.

Seven Drops of Heart's Blood

The clouds revealed
A blue sky with sun
To-day you smiled

Light rain touches glass
Darkness strands the world
Lover's nights are long

Soft is mist
As it shrouds the world
pervasive and fleeting
As a woman's smile

My eyes are blind
I can see no longer
for the wind has turned
My tears to ashes

Snow shrouds
Iron earth
As laughter
hides pain

Stone
holding
earth
inert
loaned
abyss

Stone
Alone
Dreaming

--David Templeton

confession

God, we are far from home,
Children, parted from father and mother,
Strangers, taken from sister and brother.
We have turned from spouse, friend, and lover.
And in denying these,
We deny ourselves and you.

Forgive us our hard-heartedness.
Bring us to ourselves and home.
A home where father, mother,
sister, brother,
friend, spouse, and lover
Live in harmony,
And that harmony is
A new song for you.

bidding

Come home
A home which you create
Create with other beings
Beings we come to know
Know as father, mother,
sister, brother,
friend, spouse, and lover
These are the people of God
God is the people to whom we come home

--jeffrey r. thompson

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Viewpoint

A Change In VIEWPOINT

David Roquemore

What you are now holding in your hand may well be the last VIEWPOINT ever published. In the past few weeks the editors of VIEWPOINT and "Sitz im Leben" met with SGA representatives to draft a proposal for a new student publication, one which would combine the purposes of both of those publications. The SGA approved the proposal, and it was forwarded to the Administration. Final word has not been received, but it looks as though the proposal in a slightly modified form will be accepted.

At the present time, VIEWPOINT is published by a student editor who is chosen by a committee of students, faculty members, and administrators. The editor is given a budget from the general student fund of the seminary, and is given editorial freedom (it is not true that Dr. McCord reviews each issue before it is printed, as rumors suggest). VIEWPOINT has been a forum for student debate and expression ever since its creation some twenty years ago. It has never functioned as a newspaper, except when its contents reflected current campus events and concerns.

The changes that the new plan includes are these: the new paper would be very similar to "Sitz im Leben" in format, with VIEWPOINT retained as an editorial column. The new publication would be funded through the SGA. It looks as if the editor will still be chosen by a committee of students, faculty, and administrators, rather than by the SGA, as was originally proposed. Whatever the final agreement turns out to be, the SGA will have a much closer relationship to the paper than now.

These changes have been proposed in the hope that the paper can be a vehicle for more information about campus concerns than VIEWPOINT's format provides. News articles will present a more objective account of things than the opinions offered in VIEWPOINT. This, of course, will be good for everyone, and may result in even better expression of opinion than before; that, at least, is the hope of those making the proposal.

VIEWPOINT will not be publishing again this year; instead, a second issue of "Sitz im Leben" will be produced very soon. This issue will be published by VIEWPOINT in cooperation with the "Sitz im Leben" staff.

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Whatever Happened to that Simple Man?

Brian S. Schroeder

Once upon a time, many, many years ago there lived a man, a simple man, who knew and lived justice and truth. This simple man spoke simple words and the people loved him for that. For you see, the people did not understand the words that their leaders said to them any more. They had lost the meaning many years before but yet, the same words continued to be spoken to them. That is, until this man came. He spoke the same words to them except that, for some reason, his words made sense. Well, the leaders of the people did not like this man saying the things that they said, or at least, the things they were supposed to be saying. So the leaders said among themselves,"We must stop this strange person before the people listen to him instead of us!" So they tried from then on to silence him. Well, they tried and they tried and eventually they did succeed. They had to kill him in the end but they didn't mind because they were wise and rich and he was just a simple man.

It wasn't long before the people forgot what the man was saying. But that was probably because the man was only a simple man. They remembered some of the things he said and they even tried to write them down, yet somehow the words didn't seem quite the same. But that did not matter to the people; they had already forgotten what he was really trying to say. They said among themselves, "No one cares what simple people say. Let's make this person a really important person so that everyone will listen to his words." Then somebody said, "Let's make him a king so that everyone will listen to his words instead of the words of the leaders!" And the people cheered and were very happy. (Of course, there were those who really remembered what the man was saying but no one listened to them anymore.)

Many, many years passed by and the people continued to forget th words of the simple man. Eventua ly it came to pass that the words they attributed to their simple king were actually their own but that did not matter anymore because their king was not around t stop them. (You see, they had for gotten that he said he was going to come back.) So instead, they made themselves princes (no, I'm sorry to say, there were no princesses allowed) and vicars and al other sorts of positions until they had become leaders.

As the years passed the people grew in number and the leaders said among themselves, "We need more of us so that we can better control the sheep, that is, um, the people. Now what was it our king said? Does anyone remember? Oh yes. Go forth and teach all nations. Yes, that's it. We must teach them that we are the leader and they aren't! We shall build for ourselves great and expensive places so that we can train others to be like us!" And the leaders cheered and were very happy. But the leaders could not decide on what they should call these places Somebody suggested the term "Wombinary", but the leaders, being wis men, decided that this person must be a witch (so they killed that person.) Finally, they decided on a name and again they were very happy.

Again, many more years passed and these leadership training grounds grew and grew until eventually some of them grew rich and powerful and very influential. These places did not care what the rest of the kingdom thought about them; they had become great princi palities in their own right with great princes at their head. But out of all these great institution there arose one, whose very name suggested its position, that shone above the rest. Great was its power and wealth and in the magnitude of its pride (and folly) it deemed itself separate and above the rest of the kingdom. And its lord, the great High Prince of Capitalism, fortified its treasury

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and battlements so that it stood at the pinnacle of power. And the people within that great principality were very content and very happy. They were proud to serve their prince who said he served their king. But many of them forgot what their king had said. "Blessed are the poor?" "Must be translated wrong," they thought. "After all, we already know who the blessed are." And they thought no more about it.

But you see, my friends, they had forgotten that their "king" was just a simple man.

Update: The Alternate Meal Plan

So what's happening with the Alternate Meal Plan? Many of you have inquired into the status of this plan, and since the rumor mills have been busy trying to answer questions about it, here is an update on where this meal plan has been and where it is now.

A proposal-questionnaire presented by the Hunger Task Force polled all boarding students during the 1982 spring semester. The results indicated that 93% of those polled would be interested in participating in the proposed program. 63% stated that they would be willing to pay $.50 a day more than the regular meal plan's cost during the program's initial year.

A proposal was presented to the Administration by the Hunger Task Force in response to this overwhelming student support. The proposal was approved, with certain stipulations: (1) at least 150 students must participate in this meal plan; and (2) the cost for the first semester would be an additional $75 per student to pay for extra labor.

The Hunger Task Force went to boarding students again last fall, this time making individual contacts to get as many solid commitments to the program as possible. The result of this endeavor was: 111 students said yes, they would be willing to participate in this program; 77 students said they were fully supportive, but could not participate because of the additional cost. This indicates that, out of a total of 276 boarding students last fall, 68% were in full support of the Alternate Meal Plan.

This was still not a commitment of 150 paying students to the plan No funds were available from the administration to compensate for the 39 needed participants. The administration did, nevertheless, recognize the significance of the support of 68% of the boarding students for such a program. An advisory committee, composed of members of the Hunger Task Force, has been approved by the administration as a result of this show of student support.

The advisory committee was asked in early February to outline the goals of the proposed Alternate Meal Plan, and to submit a sample menu running over the course of a four week period. After this was done, a meeting was held between administration officials, the food service dietician, and a representative from the advisory committee. The outcome of this meeting was that the goals submitted by the advisory committee and the recipes for menu items would begin to be implemented in the present meal program by the end of March.

These goals and suggestions include:

1. The inclusion of non-meat and alternative protein entrees at every meal.
2. A reduced use of red meats and an increased use of white meats.
3. A reduction in the amount of fried foods served.
4. An increased use of and variety in non-meat soups.
5. The reduced use of high-sugar, processed dessert foods and an increased use of baked goods.
6. An increased selection of natural fruit juices at lunch and dinner.

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7. An increased use of fresh vegetables and nutrient-efficient preparation of vegetables.
8. The addition of complementary protein sources to the salad bar (i.e., sunflower seeds, sesame seeds, soybeans, wheat germ).
9. The bulk purchasing of such items as yogurt, butter, margarine, breakfast cereals, etc.
10. A reduced variety in per meal offerings in favor of an increased variety over the period of the menu cycle.
11. The creation and display of nutrition information cards for all menu items.

These seemingly insignificant suggestions reflect the more general concerns that are basic to the previously proposed Alternate Meal Plan. They reflect a genuine consideration of world hunger, global politics and economics, ecology and natural resources, and our own personal nutrition. These suggestions will cause the PTS community to ponder how habits and patterns of eating affect the considerations just listed; this is the hope of the Hunger Task Force. The Hunger Task Force believes it is important to live simply in order that others might simply live. It is hoped that the PTS community will begin to eat in a way that helps all people to eat.

Presently, the advisory committee is monitoring and evaluating the way in which its goals and suggestions are being incorporated into the food program. Your feedback, in verbal or written form, is welcomed and requested. Please contact any member of the advisory committee (Ann Ferrell, Bill Harper Charlie Lewis, Bob Lighty, Mary Robinson, or Dave Stark) if you would like to respond to these changes.

submitted by Mary Robinson
for the Hunger Task Force

Apartheid

L. Lee Olson

What is apartheid?

The word is new to this century, coined from Afrikaans; the Random House Dictionary calls it "racial segregation and discrimination against Negroes." It is at once the name of a policy, an ideology, and a way of life for the Republic of South Africa. The three elements in its simple definition are each capable of exegesis.

"Racial." There are, by definition, four races in South Africa: white, Indian, colored, and black. Whites, numbering some four million, are descendants of Dutch and English colonists from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. "Indians" are largely descendants of indentured servants imported by the English for work in cane fields. "Colored" is the official label for people of mixed ancestry, whose forbears include a variety of racial stock. "Blacks" are, in the main, the descendants of native peoples conquered, over some three hundred years, by force of weapons. Their numbers today are about twenty-three million.

In South Africa, as in other places, race is considered a prime factor of human nature. Skin color "reveals" patterns of behavior, thought, and capability which classify people. Behind the racist notion is a deeper one, religiously reinforced; that people can be seen adequately in classes and treated accordingly. For the devout Reformation Afrikaaner, a hierarchical reading of Scripture leads to the clear conclusion that people different by God's design are to be kept apart and unequal.

"Segregation" is nowhere so overt as in South Africa. Blacks are not allowed membership in white churches; interracial dating is forbidden; a system of passes applied to blacks keeps them in specific places at specific times. Apartheid finds its summation in

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the "homelands" policy, whereby 87% of the best land is retained by four million whites. The twenty-three million blacks are tribally typed and assigned to arid pockets scattered over the remaining 13% of the land.

The theory of segregation is familiar to Americans. It can be summed up, in brief, as the notion that humans of different "kinds" need to be confined to the company of their "kind".

"Discrimination" is a practice for many societies; for South Africa discrimination is a written policy. It can be abbreviated into two central notions. (1) Those who govern live under one set of laws; the governed ones live under other, more limiting, laws. (2) Those who govern are not chosen by the governed ones. In other words, four million whites rule twenty-three million blacks who do not vote.

The elements of apartheid, in sum, are these: a small number of people controls a large number of "different" people; that control includes enforced separateness; that control is justified by argument from Scripture; that control follows racial lines.

So what?

Apartheid affects our lives at Princeton in two ways.

First, apartheid affects us because we live off of it. Investments, direct and indirect, which help fund students' financial aid, pay faculty salaries, and support campus maintenance-- such investments connect us to South Africa. By promoting the profits of corporations enriched by apartheid we help perpetuate apartheid.

Although every significant black organization in the world has called for divestiture, Princeton persists. Although the governing bodies of national churches and state legislatures have mandated divestiture, Princeton persists. Although such seminaries as McCormick, Louisville, and New Brunswick survive divestiture, Princeton persists. People die in South African prisons while we enjoy the profits of their exploitation. Princeton persists.

Perhaps I am mistaken. As of the last student access to investment information, such notoriously exploitative corporations as Caltex and Union Crbide were part of the seminary portfolio. Such access is rare; the seminary may have divested since then. If so, students were neither consulted nor informed.

Thus, second, apartheid affects us because we as a "community" live in approximation of its policies. At this seminary, a small number of people-- trustess and their administrators-- controls a large number of "different" people-- students and faculty. That control includes enforced separateness: students are specifically denied public access to trustee deliberations, records, and procedural policies. That control is justified by argument from Scripture: "as the body has many members" we need have no say, as feet, in the affairs decided by the head. That control follows lines, not racial, but of class: different sets of rules govern each successive class-- trustees, administration, senior faculty, junior faculty, students, hired staff. Nor can any of the lower classes choose their governors in the higher classes.

In other words, the situation at this seminary neatly matches the two central notions of South African discrimination. As there, so here, "one person, one vote" and "one law for all" are slogans to be religiously refuted. Not only by our investments and cross-cultural contacts do we support apartheid in South Africa; we also come close to duplicating it among ourselves.

No one could reasonably argue that the situation here is as overtly brutal as South Africa's. Nonetheless, unless our own form of apartheid is broken, we stand little chance to bring about sanctions against South Africa's

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more obvious race oppression. Alan Aubrey Boesak, when asked what Americans could do to aid the black struggle against apartheid, suggested two things: divest, and end discrmination here. When will we answer his call?

Mrs. Parker: The Good Samaritan

I always drive a little too fast. Maybe it feeds my ego or something, or maybe it is because being from California, I just do everything in a hurried and quick pace. Anyway, this is the story of what happened to me on a Saturday night after I left my Field Ed. Supervisor's home.

"Have a safe trip home," he told me, as I climbed into my 1980 5-speed Toyota Tercel. I started the engine, tuned the radio to NPLJ, and sped off onto the New Jersey Turnpike. It was 11 pm.

"I should be home around 12:30," I thought as I listened to Journey blaring over the radio. Everything was just fine. My car rarely gave me any trouble, and I was in a bouyant mood, having just feasted on home-made turkey sandwiches and Haagen-Dazs ice cream at my supervisor's home (Armenians are always so hospitable). We also had an excellent time talking about all kinds of things, none of which would be considered significant, but very much enjoyable.

I pulled off the tollway at Exit 8, came to the tollbooth, and automatically paid my $1.75.

"Thank you," I said, and piloted my car around the turn toward the final leg of my journey home. I really wasn't thinking about anything. I was just cruising along, tapping on the dashboard to a song. All of a sudden...A CAT!!!

"Look out!!!"

"Oh my God! No! No! Please God no...!"

The car was out of control, the brakes were locked, and I was heading fifty miles per hour into a telephone pole. The next thing I knew was smash, bang, snap, crackle, pop! I looked up and saw nothing but a cobweb of broken glass. No God! Please no!! I looked down and saw a river of blood. Red and fresh, it spattered irregularly over my white painter's pants.

"Help, somebody help!"

Blood filled my eyes. I couldn't see through the mingling of blood and tears. My knee was aching. I knew I was in trouble. What was I going to do? I didn't know if I missed the cat, but it was obvious I didn't miss the telephone pole.

My God, why? Why? Why Lord? The questions were unceasing. I had no where to go. I was alone in the car, it was around midnight, and my car was currently embracing a telephone pole. There was no one to heal my wounds, no one to hold my hand. I was all alone, engulfed in the dark New Jersey night. Just me, and my once new 1980 5-speed Toyota Tercel, now completely destroyed.

I tried to open the door but it was jammed. I rolled down the window; confused and wounded I jumped out and looked for help. Oh God, I need you now. Please help me.

"Please help me, I have had an accident and am injured," I cried as I hobbled away from the wreck. This was my only message to the world. A voice calling in the darkness; a voice garbled and faint. A voice nobody heard.

"Please! Somebody help!"

No one came. I put pressure on my forehead to stop the deluge of blood. I hobbled to the road and tried to wave down a car. I saw headlights in the distance and flapped my arms helplessly. A car stopped and I tried to peer in, to recognize a face. I was about ten feet away.

"I have been in an accident," I said. "Could you please call the police." The window rolled up and the car sped off.

"Please help me!" I yelled, helplessly. "Please, somebody, anybody!"

Another car stopped, then two more. The same thing happened.

"Please help me. I have to go to the hospital. I have been in a wreck."

I can imagine what they must have seen-- it probably looked like a real-life horror story. Here was some guy, his open hands dark red. his face totally crimson, with blood staining his white pants. He can't see you because of the blood in his eyes, and he peers at you through a little slit in one, the other being completely shut. It is midnight, and he is walking lethargically over to your car mumbling something about a hosp-car-wreck-able. Now I ask you, would you stop to help?

"Help me...please," I begged.

No one got out. No one cared. The two cars sped off, and someone in the third car yelled something about calling the police. After five minutes of pacing back and forth, I realized that the police had not been called. I was all alone. Dear God, I prayed, please don't leave me now. I didn't know what to do. Should I knock on the door of the nearest house? Should I walk two blocks to the gas station? Should I wait for the police? I went over to the car and leaned against it.

Looking up, I noticed a shadow walking towards me. I thought it was the fellow who said he would call the police. I guessed that he must have pulled over and come to assist me. I pushed myself away from my car and went to meet him. Afraid that my appearance would be too shocking, I kept my head low, and placed my hand over my right eye to cover most of the injury.

"Will you please help me," I cried.

"We have to get you to the hospital," he said. His voice was serene and soothing. He handled himself well considering my appearance. He didn't overreact, and this helped me to calm down. I noticed the jacket he was wearing; it was that of a paramedic. I thanked the Lord for sending me help when I thougt there was no hope. I asked him if he was the one who supposedly had called the police.

"No" he replied,"I live across the street. We just moved into that house, and I was working when I heard something. We have to get you to the hospital," he insisted.

We walked across the street to a large white colonial house. It looked like the kind of house that could withstand a hurricane, and which was built a hundred years ago. The front porch lights were on. Sitting on the front lawn I inspected the gash in my knee; it was very bad.

The man went up to knock on the door to seek assistance (he had just moved into his own house, and the phone had not been installed). Before he took a few steps, the upstairs window of the white colonial house cracked open, and the voice of an elderly woman rang out.

"Who's there?" she asked defensively. Her voice indicated that she was scared, and did not want anything to do with whatever was going on.

"I am Ray Casido, your next door neighbor," the man said. "This guy has been in an accident, and he needs immediate attention. Could you call the police?"

There it was again. A cry of desperation. A lonely voice calling for help,asking for consideration, concern, and most of all, love. I knew what the answer would be; it did not take an intellectual phenomenon to figure it out. This was the answer of a cold, unconcerned world. A cruel world, where self is the only motivation and concern. This was the answer of a world with no passion. A world of fear. A world where Christ is alien.

This was the answer of people who drove away from accidents, not assisting in any way. Maybe they were unconcerned, or frightened. Maybe they didn't have time to help. Maybe they didn't know God,

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or maybe they did, and didn't care. Whatever the case, the answer was the same: a harsh and succinct NO!

But this time there wasn't a negative reply. Just like Ray, this woman put aside all fear, and reached out to help.

"Immediately," she said. Astonished, I looked at Ray. He also looked puzzled, as if the unexpected had happened. Very soon, the woman came downstairs, and informus that the police had been notified.

"I am Mrs. Parker," she said, as she opened the door. "What is your name?"

What an incredibly sweet woman, I thought. I wanted to run up and hug her. I wanted to return the love she had shown me. I wanted to say to her that she indeed was the good Samaritan.

"You're shivering," she said. "Come inside," she urged me. Her voice was intense. She brought me a blanket so I could get warm. She gave me a chair to sit on, not caring if I dripped blood all over her floor. She wasn't concerned about herself; she only cared to help me. She only cared to show love.

Was this it, God? Was this entire ordeal designed so I could experience love manifested in Ray and Mrs. Parker? Was I here so I could learn more about and emulate this love which was so real? Not only love which talks, but love which really does. Not love which says "I will call the police," but love which makes the call.

"My name is Parker," she kept saying as they rolled me into the ambulance. "It is the second to last Parker in the phone book. You call me if you need to gofind your car. Spell your name again so I can find out how you are doing in the hospital. My husband Bill is flying to Minneapolis tomorrow, But I will be free after 11:00. You give me a call if you need anything more."

Once inside the hospital, a nurse named Vicki cleaned my blood-crusted face, and held my hand, and allowed me to squeeze it when a Dr. Leopold injected me with novocaine. She called my friend Terry, who came and drove me home. This time I made sure my seat belt was fastened.

Teryy helped me inside and gave me cold milk to drink. I told him all the details of my ordeal, and he listened attentively. He patiently stayed up with me until 3 AM even though he had to work at church the next morning.

"God is trying to tell me something, Terry," I said.

"What is it?" Terry turned to me, his understanding eyes meeting mine. He smirked, and peering over his glasses he said, "maybe you should have hit the cat."

I laughed. This was true love. These people were the true good Samaritans. Ray, who found me in the dark, lonely and hurt. Mrs. Parker, who gave me cover when I was cold. Vicki, who let me squeeze her hand when I was in pain. Even Dr. Leopold who shot me up with novocaine. And Terry, who made me laugh when I should have been crying.

> "In as much as you have done it to the least of these my brethren, you have done it unto me."

(Iwrote this the night of my accident. Since then many loyal friends have offered to help in any way. I wish to thank them sincerely.)

Haig Kojoglanian

VIEWPOINT is a forum for opinion and creative expression for all members of the Princeton Seminary community. Opinions expressed are the views of persons writing, and represent neither official Seminary policy nor the views of the editor.

From A Witness of Thousands

David Morrow

Late in the afternoon I sat alone in the studio listening to the air-conditioner moan against the thick Memphis heat. My conscience was debating with my disposition on the question of whether to fold the t-shirts that were strewn all over the souvenir counter. The anniversary of Elvis' death was approaching, and I could see the enthusiasm of his followers grow daily. They rummaged feverishly through the souvenirs and bought with abandon.

Sun Studio, the place where Elvis made his first record, was an essential stop on the pilgrimage. Closed down years ago as an actual studio, it was re-opened after Elvis' death as a tourist attraction. Not much is needed to attract tourists, so the owners invested little in renovation--two panes of glass set in the walls to simulate a sound booth, a few battered microphones, a couple of stringless guitars. But the place was well-stocked with souvenirs, albums, t-shirts, hats, tote-bags, all bearing the image of the dead Presley.

The debate had ended in compromise. I started folding the shirts carelessly and tossing them into random piles. Save for snatches of my tour speech, my mind was blank, beginning to enjoy the dull repetition of folding shirts. Outside the cars passed in rhythmic succession, and the volume of traffic grew slowly. As I sat and folded and gazed, one car pulled out from the traffic. It was a green LTD, several years old, with Mississippi plates. The car drew to a stop right in front of the door. The thought of smiling and repeating my spiel one more time was not appealing, so I hoped whoever they were would drive away or be discouraged by the admission price.

Three women got out of the car. Two lingered outside looking at the overhead sign and the posters in the window, but the eldest headed straight for the door. As she came in I continued folding shirts, barely offering her recognition, but this didn't seem to bother her. Both feet planted in the doorway, she took a sweeping view of the room and loudly announced, "Hi! We come from Deeson, Mississippi, and we're up here ever' January and ever' August. We love Elvis."

I stood there for a moment trying to think of where Deeson was, and there offered her a belated welcome. By this time, the other two women had entered. One was a diminutive woman, early middle-aged who walked with a brace. The other was a waif-like girl with big, wandering eyes. Both stood in silence as the elder woman thrust out her hand to greet me.

"You the one running this place?"

"Yes ma'am. Would y'all like a tour?"

This woman was not prepared for any sudden business propositions and ignored my offer. "Yeah, we always try to come by here on all our trips. I always do like this place. It ain't kept up like they ought to, but you know how some people is about keeping up things. But I always did like this place." Her words trailed off into silence. "This is where it was; this is where it was," she whispered, quietly breathing in history from the musty air of the studio.

She turned to me: "I bet you love Elvis, don't you!"

"Yes ma'am, I do admire his work."

The woman sensed my insincerity and stared at me for a moment. Then she made her way past me, examining the souvenirs, until she came upon a t-shirt that particularly excited her. "These is beautiful, Sandra!" she said to the crippled woman. "Try one of these on." The woman rested on her brace while the older woman held the t-shirt up to her chest. It was a brilliant red shirt emblazoned with a picture of Elvis, one eyebrow raised in a sexy scowl. "These is just beautiful," she

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repeated. The crippled woman stood silently, her yes searching the ceiling.

"Those are six dollars, ma'am." Again, the mention of business seemed to elude her hearing. She continued to search through the shirts I had just folded.

"These is just beautiful. You know, that face was just darling," she said, holding up the shirt for me to see. "He was an angel. That face. He always loved his mother. Got her that pink Cadillac with the first real money he ever made." Suddenly, her wistful expression tightened to a frown. "Now don't you believe none of this stuff they're sayin' about him," she said in an angry tremolo. "Not none of it's true."

"What are they saying about him, ma'am?"

"You know, all these things they's sayin' about drugs. Not none of it's true. He was a good Christian, and he's with his Master now." She turned and laid her hand on the arm of the crippled woman. "He was always sweet to my daughter. They knowed each other real well. Here, let me show you some pitchers."

The woman fumbled around in her purse, finally producing a string of old snapshots. Each one showed a smiling Elvis with his arm around the daughter. In some, they were standing in front of a trailer; in some they were sitting on a couch. The daughter was several years younger in the pictures, and she did not wear the brace. Her long brown hair was pulled back with a red hair band, and she had that country attractiveness of dark eyes and sharp features.

"Back when this pitcher was took, my daughter looked diff'ernt then, but that's her there with Elvis, and they used to run around together all the time." The woman paused for a moment, looking down at the floor, clutching her necklace. The other girl wandered outside. "I remember my daughter first heard Elvis on the Louisiana Hayride back in 19 and 55. And she just cried and said, 'Mama, if there's anything I can do before I die, I want to meet Elvis Presley, just once.' And I said, 'Honey, you know the Bible tells us that if we only have faith the size of a grain of mustard seed, anything can happen.' And it did! She didn't just get to meet him, she got to be good friends with him and ever'thing."

I smiled and nodded. The crippled daughter said nothing, She craned her stiffened neck and looked up at me, her eyes dull, but perplexing. For a moment we stared at each other, but I grew uncomfortable under her gaze and moved away. She continued to stare where I had been, her hand resting on the table, fingering a t-shirt.

The mother looked down upon her daughter. Her face had suddenly become drawn with worry. Her arms hung heavily by her side, palms open to her daughter-- to persuade, or admit defeat, or offer sympathy, maybe. But she did not move toward the crippled woman. It seemed as if that was far too painful and bewildering a thing to do, or that she hadn't that strength in her, only a strange and comforting zeal.

In the silence, the mother perceived that it was time to go. "Listen, I just want to thank you so much for your time," she said, somewhat embarrassed. "Now come on, Sandra." Sandra had turned away from us. "Sandra, come on," the mother repeated. "Come on, now." The daughter did not move. Her mother held up the red t-shirt as an invitation. The other girl stood outside, waving slowly at me. As the crippled daughter turned and raised her crutch to strike, I suddenly remembered where Deeson was. Rank air was blowing in from the river, and the sun was so bright it hurt. Before me lay an expanse of rich, plowed, delta land, stretching from the levee to a distant tree line. Thousands and thousands of mustard seeds were sprouting instantaneously in the dark earth, shooting into plants of tangled shape and ridiculous size, all hissing and swaying in the wind.

Are "All Things" Possible?

Jim DeCamp

Is it possible that a conversation on abortion could result in healing instead of divisiveness? With this issue, one is conditioned to expect an exception to our Lord's words, "All things are possible..." Nevertheless, in the name of unity and healing for the Church, which has so suffered over this matter, we do dare the impossible.

Much of the current debate seems to consist of throwing stones over a wall at the other side, while seeking cover for oneself. And why not? After all, as long as it's the other side's problem, then I'm free to train the difficult questions on them, and take pleasure in their inadequate replies.

That works until we measure ourselves not by other mortals, but by our Maker. Our answers --let alone our accusations-- pale when we stand in the presence of our Holy God. The thought of another question seems irrelevant until we acknowledge that perhaps there are questions we need to ask ourselves.

Pro-lifers need to be honest with themselves as to whether they are pro-life across the board, serving on behalf of life and its well-being after birth as well as before. Pro-choicers need to examine the degree to which they have been influenced by the prevailing tendency to take a violent solution to a difficult problem. And we all need to gaze at our sometimes parched reservoirs of love with which we bathe one another.

There may be dimensions of peacemaking that each side can discover afresh for the glory of God and the blessing of other people. There are wounds in the Body which need healing by the Spirit of Christ. We need to be reconciled to one another as we have been reconciled to God.

We women and men who are serving with Presbyterians Pro-Life, Inc. desire that the love of Christ be extended to anyone in crisis: to pregnant women in need, the unborn child, post-abortion women, handicapped newborns and their parents. Nothing is stronger than the power of love and nothing is more powerful than the love of Christ.

As servants of Christ, and therefore of each other, let us offer ourselves as instruments of God's peace and righteousness, to be used within the Body and in society. In the words of Isaiah, "Here am I! Send me."

the P.T.S. GAME FROM VIEWPOINT

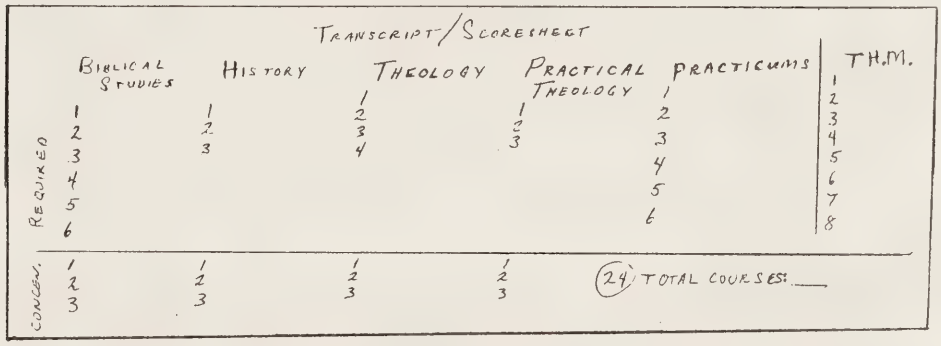
A SIMULATION OF THE PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY EXPERIENCE

This game represents P.T.S. from the peculiar perspectives of its creators. We hope that it is true enough that you find your experience in it as you play, and fun enough that it acts as a spoonful of sugar in the midst of the daily fray. We are also told that there is a strong correlation between the ability to cope and the ability to play in and with a system. Created by Meredith A. Cargill, Don Donahue, and Cindy Shepherd. Artwork by Mark Wallace and Deborah Douie.

OBJECT: The object of the game is to get a job. This is done by drawing Class cards and Character cards, and accumulating course credits, to match the job description on a SPON card.

MATERIALS: Playing board, SPON cards (pink), Character cards (green), Class cards (7 blue, 7 yellow), Providence cards (blue), Community cards (yellow), currency ("200 pages"), tokens. Playing board must be taped together; cards must be cut apart. NOT INCLUDED: 2 dice, paper, pencils. Designed for 3-7 players.

PREPARATION: Put Community, Providence, Character, and SPON cards face down in their respective spaces in the center of the board. Each player chooses or creates a token to travel around the board, and places it on "GO." Each player draws up a Transcript/Scoresheet thus:



One player is chosen to act as the Office of Professional Studies (O.O.P.S.). That player then shuffles and deals the Ethnic Class cards (yellow)--one to each player. Each player likewise receives one Religious Class card. These determine your identity for the entire game, and include special rules for you regarding specific squares on the board or other situations. O.O.P.S. distributes 1600 pages of "currency" to each player. Course credits are "purchased" by paying pages to O.O.P.S., who must keep his or her personal supply separate from the corporate "bank."

THE PLAY: Each player rolls dice; whoever has lowest total starts the play. Player draws one Character card. Player rolls dice and moves token in direction of arrow the number of spaces indicated on dice, and follows whatever directions pertain to his or her class and character and the space landed on. After completing play, token remains on that space, and turn passes to the left.

COURSES: If you land on a square with course initials, you may purchase a credit and grade by paying pages to the O.O.P.S. bank according to the following scale:

800 pages- "A"
400 pages- "B"
200 pages- "C"
} Recorded on Transcript/Scoresheet under department.

zero pages- Audit--no record on Transcript

PRACTICUMS: If you land on a square marked "practicum," you may purchase a practicum credit (pass/fail) by paying 200 pages to O.O.P.S.

TRANSCRIPT: You cannot draw a SPON card until your transcript is complete, which requires: 6 Biblical Studies courses, 3 History, 4 Theology, 3 Practical Theology, one concentration of three courses in any department (beyond required), 24 total courses (not counting practicums), and 6 practicums.

PROVIDENCE AND COMMUNITY: If you land on one of these squares, draw the top card from the stack indicated. Follow the instructions on the card and return it face-down to the bottom of the stack. "Get out of Infirmary" cards are held until used, then returned to the bottom of the stack.

INFIRMARY: You are admitted to the infirmary if and only if you (1) land on "Refectory," or (2) draw a card marked "Go to Infirmary." You do not pass "GO," do not collect pages. If you land on "Infirmary" in normal course of play, you are "just being there," and receive no penalty. You get out of infirmary by (1) using a "Get out of Infirmary" card, or (2) rolling a 1, 3, or 7 (a "divine roll") on a subsequent turn (you then move that many spaces). If you stay in the infirmary for longer than two turns, draw one character card as fruit of suffering.

GO: A. Each time you land on or pass "GO," by roll of dice or instruction on card, receive 1000 pages from O.O.P.S.

B. If you land on "GO;"

(1) You may choose to do an internship. Each player may do only one internship in any game.

(2) If you do not choose to do an internship, you may choose to try to get out of Field Education. Roll dice. If you roll a 1, 3, or 7 ("divine roll") then you are immune to any Field Ed. reward or penalty, and you receive 600 additional pages (1600 total) each time you pass "GO" until you land on "GO" again.

INTERNSHIP: If you choose to do an internship, draw one Character card. Proceed around board in turn, and for two times around you ignore all instructions concerning courses, practicums, or pages. On second time past "GO," receive 1000 pages and immediately return to normal.

RESERVED PARKING: If you roll a 1, 3, or 7 on your next turn, you miraculously escape receiving a parking ticket. Otherwise, pay 200 pages to O.O.P.S.

GUEST LECTURE: You fall asleep. Lose 200 pages.

ET: If you are a woman (by Class card), receive 200 pages from O.O.P.S.

ANNEX: If you occupy this space with another player, both of you receive an extra roll and move before turn passes. Otherwise, lose 200 pages to O.O.P.S.

PT: You may ask any other player if he or she is "in counseling" (according to a character card).

PARTY: You may ask any other player if he or she is in counseling or is homosexual (according to character card).

COMPLETED TRANSCRIPT: When you have accumulated all of your course and practicum requirements, on the next turn you-- (1) surrender all pages to O.O.P.S., (2) draw the top SPON card from the stack, and (3) choose to enter either TH.M. or JOB SEARCH.

TH.M.: Go immediately to "GO." Receive 2000 pages from O.O.P.S. You are automatically exempt from Field Ed. Collect eight courses (any combination of departments), then enter JOB SEARCH.

JOB SEARCH: On each turn you may either:

(1) Roll dice and continue around board as usual, or

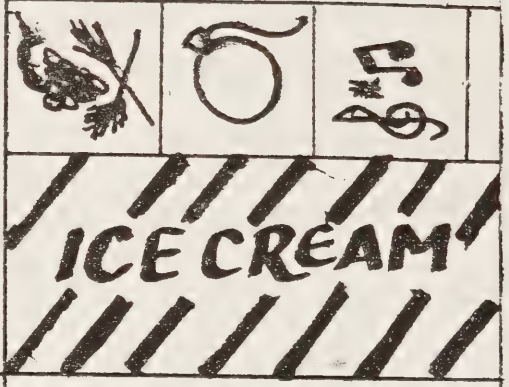
(2) Remain on the same space, and draw one SPON card from the stack or trade one SPON card with another player. You may not hold any more than three SPON cards at any time; if you have three SPONs, you must surrender one by placing it on the bottom of the stack before you draw a new one.

WINNING: Whoever first holds matching qualifications and SPON card gets the job and is the "winner." Play continues until everyone has found a job or gives up and goes into insurance sales.

THE PLAYGROUND

PUBLISHED
DRAWN BY

F.S.
ME
BY VIEWPOINT
MARK WALLACE
PROVIDENCE CARDS
COMMUNITY CARDS
CAMPUS CENTER
CHAPEL
HR
EG
PERSONAL DEVOTIONS
PROVIDENCE
TH
SP
GUEST LECTURE
ET
PH
ANNEX
PR
ED
REFECTORY
TO INFIRMARY

Fundy	Liberal	Reformed	Tokens
OT OR NT: Go to Infirmary after purchasing Grade. CH: Receive 200 pages BONUS. CHAPEL OR PERSONAL DEVOTIONS: Draw one character card.	CHAPEL OR PERSONAL DEVOTIONS: Nothing happens.	CHAPEL: Draw one character card.	
Other	**Other**	**Reformed**	**Reformed**
POLITY PRACTICUM: Lose 200 pages. EC: Receive 200 pages BONUS. TH: "C" = 400 pp; "B" = 600 pp; "A" = 1200 pp. PERSONAL DEVOTIONS: Draw one character card.	POLITY PRACTICUM: Lose 200 pages EC: Receive 200 pages BONUS TH: "C" = 400 pp; "B" = 600 pp; "A" = 1200 pp. PERSONAL DEVOTIONS: Draw one character card.	CHAPEL: Draw one Character card.	CHAPEL: Draw one character card.
You graduated from Wheaton. Waive OT 01. Advance to nearest OT course.	Go to Nearest TH. Spend 400 pages reading Harold Lindsell. No credit.	Read Fredrick Buechner. Draw one character card.	Your candidates' committee thinks you don't cut the mustard. Lose game.
Paul the Apostle appears to you in a vision and asks for Dr. Beker's autograph. Advance to nearest NT. No credit given.	You develop crush on J. J. McB Roberts. Advance to nearest OT course and purchase highest grade possible.	Oversleep. Stanley McKaig gives your car a ticket. Pay 200 pages.	Your CH 01 precept paper is huge success (preceptor happens to agree with you). Receive free "B."
Find the reserve book you need! Celebrate. Go directly to "Annex" Do not pass GO.	You start talking about "coneheads" behind a stranger in the lunch line. Lose one turn.	FIELD ED One of your junior highs is arrested for drug possession. Lose one turn.	Your pastor is speaking at Theological Forum on "The Authority of Authority." Go to Guest Lecture, do

Black American (choose sex) If you land on a space with an activist, exchange one Character card.	**White ♀ American Female** PR PRACTICUM: no credit ET: receive 200 pp. BONUS	**White ♂ American Male** PR PRACTICUM: 200 pp. BONUS. AD PRACTICUM: 200 pp. BONUS	**International** (choose sex) HR: 200 pages BONUS. EC: 200 pages BONUS.
White ♂ American Male PR PRACTICUM: 200 pp BONUS. AD PRACTICUM: 200 pp BONUS.	**White ♀ American Female** PR PRACTICUM: no credit ET: receive 200 pp. BONUS	**White ♂ American Male** PR PRACTICUM: 200 pp. BONUS AD PRACTICUM: 200 pp. BONUS	 TOKENS When asked "Who's the fairest of them all?" You said "_____." Fill in blank and go to Party.
FIELD ED You mention in an interview that you do not do babysitting. Lose one Character card.	You say "_____" during an interview. Fill in the blank and lose one character card.	You are found in Firestone Library on Friday night. Receive 400 pages. Lose one Character card.	FIELD ED Parents find out you played "choo-choo" in youth group on game night. Lose one Chracter card.
FIELD ED When asked "Who runs this place?" You said "Judy Ford." Advance to GO.	You practice community carelessly. Lose one character card. Go to infirmary. Have abortion.	Join Choir. Advance to Chapel.	Sing the Greek alphabet to the tune "Onward Christian Pacifists," Then draw one Character card.
You have a transformational experience. Exchange two character cards with another player.	You are responsible for a breakdown of community. Lose one Character card.	You go to Bill Brower's reading of War and Peace. Draw one character card.	You say "HI" to a groundskeeper. Draw one Character card.

You convert to Presbyterian. Change Religious Class to "Reformed."	You have a nervous breakdown. Surrender all of your pages to O.O.P.S.	You have heart attack on stairs to speech studio. Go to infirmary.	You try to reform theology. Lose one turn.
You have a lisp. Go to eth-pee-oh-wun. (SP Practicum) Do not pass GO, do not collect pages.	FIELD ED Your senior highs ask if you enjoy oral sex. Lose composure and one turn.	FIELD ED You forget the moral to the children's sermon. Lose one turn.	You take Kamikaze Hebrew. Receive free "B" in OT. Go to infirmary. (Do not pass GO)
You are despised and rejected. Receive free "B" in Isaiah (OT).	You take one semester at Asbury. Pay 1200 pages. No credit.	You are Called to Freedom. Try to find course in liberation theology. Lose one turn.	FIELD ED Assist in communion service. Choke on bread. Lose face and one turn.
<u>THESIS OPTION</u> You may pay 1200 pages for two "A"s in any concentration.	You attempt to read Barth's <u>Dogmatics</u>. Pay 2000 pages.	FIELD ED You pile 13 teenagers into your car. Interior is totalled. Lose resale value and one turn.	You become a Roman Catholic. Change Religious Class to "Other."
FIELD ED You preach. Three people are converted! Take one free turn.	FIELD ED Go on senior high retreat. Youth group president gets pregnant. Lose one Character card.	Where sin abounds, grace doth more abound. Receive free "B" in NT.	You transfer from Yale. Credit for Childs OT course denied. Tough. Turn ends.
FIELD ED Join Metzger's Millions. Pay 400 pages. Receive an "A" in NT.	You nearly suffocate in Speer reading room. Lose one turn.	FIELD ED Car breaks down on Sunday morning. Receive 200 pages. Lose temper.	You receive a set of last year's notes. Receive 400 pages.
You interview with fly open. Lose one SPON Card.	Advance to PH. Arrive late. Lose one Character card.	Go to Early Church History (CH). Arrive late, miss story of Jesus.	Advance to Developmental Psychology (ED). You fail to develop. Pay 600 pages, receive

You write an article for Viewpoint. Lose 200 pages. Take one Character card from another player.	Read Lapsley's Salvation and Health. Pay 200 pages. Do not get out of infirmary.	You attend Paschal Vigil. If Reformed or Fundy, you collapse and lose one turn.	FIELD ED You attend a potluck dinner where ther is no tuna cassarole. Take one free turn.
FIELD ED Have dinner at a parishoner's home. Eat real food. Take one free turn.	You exercise Daring Prayer. Float out of infirmary free.	You wait for Student Government Association to do something. Lose one turn.	You have never seen such a beautiful Spring. Stare out window. Lose 600 pages.
You preach in Miller Chapel on "Humility." Draw one Character card.	Miraculous earthquake! Angels unlock infirmary. You get out free.	You become champion frisbee golf player. Draw one Character card.	Advance to PT. You do a verbatim on your mother. Receive general abuse from the other players.
Play in the football game against Westminster Seminary. You break your leg. Go to infirmary. (Judgment on heathen)	Your roommate is a charismaniac. You get out of infirmary by divine healing.	You have a hot date from the university. Go to party. (Do not pass GO.)	FIELD ED Your preacher gets sick on Sunday morning. You substitue. Lose 200 pages.
You get the CREEPIN' CRUDD. Go to infirmary.	When asked "Who's in charge here?" You said "Judy Lang." Receive free "B" of your choice.	When asked "Who is the Assistant to the President?" You said "Mrs. McCord." Advance to Reserved Parking.	END OF TERM CRISIS Go directly to coffehouse. Lose one turn.
You go through career counseling at Northwest. Go into depression. Lose one turn.	FIELD ED Teach senior high Sunday School Christian comics curriculum.	You have a dialogue at the lunch table. The other person calls it an argument. Lose one Character card	You work in the Child Care Center. Take one free turn.

ALCOHOLIC

PARTY!: You may tell Everyone else in the game To advance anywhere. (except Refectory)

Brown Noser

GUEST LECTURE: No penalty

Gossip

REFECTORY: you may ask anyone if he or she is homosexual or the Counselin and if he or she knows anyone who is.

OWN REFRIGERATOR

REFECTORY: DO NOT go to Infirmary — instead go rectly to WAWA. (Do not pass Go.)

BURDENED FOR INNER CITY

Worked on ANDERSON of Illinois Campaign

Married

ROLL DOUBLES: free turn!

REFECTORY: you are immune! Do NOT go to Infirmary.

HOMOSEXUAL

(If anyone discovers you have this card, you must surrender all character cards to stack.)

Good Listener

INFIRMARY: Just "be there and, Draw one Character card.

N COUNSELING

If anyone discovers you ve this card, you must rrender ALL character ards to stack.)

FATHER IS ALUMNUS

FOURTH ALEX

You CANNOT GET A JOB IF YOU HOLD THIS CARD.

NON-SMOKER

EFECTORY: you may tell nyone you know to be smoker to advance anywhere board (ex. Refectory). Then go to Infimary.

Liturgical

CHAPEL: Draw one Character card.

Alfornian

PARTY!: You may tell a Preppy to advance anywhere on board. (Except Refectory.)

PARENT

UEST LECTURE, COFFEEHOUSE, PARTY: Go back and oll again.

Bookworm

CH: Receive 400 pages BONUS

Coffeehouse: Lose 400 pages.

OFF-CAMPUS FRIENDS

N COUNSELING

f anyone discov rs you ve this card, you must rrender ALL character rds to stack.)

Brown Noser

GUEST LECTURE: No penalty.

KNOW GERMAN

TH: 200 page bonus.

ACTIVIST

If you land on a space with a Black American, exchange one character card.

Preppy

If you land on PARTY! you may tell a Californian to advance anywhere on board. (except Refectory.)

SMOKER

AUTO MECHANIC

If you land on "RESERVED PARKING," advance to nearest COMMUNITY" and draw card.

FLOOR DEACON

PERSONAL DEVOTIONS:
Receive one character card.
* You must offer to give any "GET OUT OF INFIRMARY" Cards to anyone in Infimary.

Gossip

REFECTORY; you may ask anyone if he or she is Homosexual or In Counseling, and if he or she knows anyone who is.

Intellectual

GUEST LECTURE:
no penalty!

3-pc. PIN-STRIPE SUIT

PR PRACTICUM: 200 pp. BONUS

PLAY GUITAR

COFFEE HOUSE:
Draw one Character card

OVER-WEIGHT

VAWA: Lose one Character card.
PRACTICUM: no credit

=RUNNER

COCKROACH

REFECTORY: Go to PT instead of Infirmary.
PT: Receive automatic "C," pay 200 pages

Californian

If you land on PARTY! you may tell a Preppy to advance anywhere on board. (except Refectory.)

KNOW SWAHILI

HR: 200 pp. BONUS.

HABLA ESPAÑOL

Married

ROLL DOUBLES: FREE TURN

REFECTORY: You are immune! Do NOT go to Infimary.

FRIEND OF PROFESSOR

PR COURSE: 200 pages BONUS.
ANNEX: 200 pages BONUS.

Jock

GUEST LECTURE:
Roll again.

HOMOSEXUAL

(If anyone discovers you have this card, you must surrender all character cards to stack.)

PROMISCUOUS

If you land on any square with a member of the opposite sex, both advance to Party.

KNOW GERMAN

TH: 200 pp. BONUS.

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SPON #1

NEW YORK--SUBURBAN

White American
3.25 G.P.A.
Overweight
Liturgical
No burden for inner city

SPON #2

CALIFORNIA--YOUTH MINISTER

White American
Reformed
Californian
Play guitar

SPON #3

INNER CITY MISSION

White American Male or
Black American
History concentration
Speak Spanish
Burdened for inner city

SPON #4

MIDWEST--CITY

Reformed
Biblical Studies concentration or Floor Deacon
Runner
Worked Anderson campaign

SPON #5

NEW JERSEY--URBAN

Black American
Smoker
Good listener
Burdened for inner city

SPON #6

MASS.--INTERRACIAL CHURCH

Black American
History concentration
Burdened for inner city
Parent

SPON #7

ARKANSAS--SMALL TOWN

White American Male
Reformed
Auto Mechanic
Alcoholic

SPON #8

ALABAMA--C.E. DIRECTOR

White American Female
Fundy
PT concentration
Married

SPON #9

METROPOLITAN COMMUNITY CHURCH

Homosexual
In Counseling
White American

SPON #10

NEW YORK CITY--LARGE

White American Male
PT concentration
Friend of professor
3-pc. pin-stripe suit

SPON #11

NEW MEXICO

Liberal
Runner
Speak Spanish
Have off-campus friends

SPON #12

NORTH DAKOTA

White American Male
Reformed
Overweight
Alcoholic

SPON #13

PASTOR'S SPOUSE

Fundy Female or Liberal Male
Floor Deacon
Married
1

SPON #14

ASSOCIATE, SEVEN-PERSON STAFF

White American Female
Reformed
PT concentration
Brown noser

SPON #15

FOREVER AN ASSOCIATE

Female
Liberal
Theology concentration
In counseling

SPON #16

TEACH COLLEGE

Biblical Studies conc.
TH.M.
3.25 G.P.A.
Know German

SPON #17

EAST--SCHOOL CHAPLAIN

TH concentration
Preppy
Cockroach
Intellectual

SPON #18

MISSIONARY

White American
Fundy
History concentration
Know Swahili

SPON #19

OVERSEAS--TEACHING

International
Reformed or Other
TH.M.

SPON #20

OVERSEAS--TEACH SEMINARY

International
Reformed
3.0 G.P.A.

SPON #21

Ph.D.

Female or International
3.25 G.P.A.
Liberal or Reformed
Know German